

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## Our Lady of the Advent

How beautiful the dawn!  
Up sweeps Aurora wondrous fair  
Like mistress of some feast  
In dance and music in the halls of air  
Waking all nature's fold to share.  
Come, tardy Winds, haste ye to East!  
Leave off your slumbers with the nodding rose!  
Ye flowers, awake!—The nectar sip that now  
To your sweet lips I hold,  
That you may fairer blush and bow  
When comes the King foretold.  
Ye songbirds, catch the harmonies that flow  
Outpoured from my Orient harp of gold.  
Thus called Aurora, Mother of the Day;  
For now she heard upon the margent of the sea  
The golden footsteps of her royal Son;  
And brighter grew and gayer waxed her melody,  
Till lo! the child resplendent leaps upon  
His mother's breast—the newborn King of Day.  
Aurora holds him up aloft in glee  
Then hides her in his glory modestly.

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So Mary, you appear to me,  
These Advent days, veiled in your maiden purity,  
Resplendent 'neath the Spirt's mystic thrall;  
Brighter and brighter e'er the lights of heaven shine  
In every glance, in every smile of thine;  
Gladder and gladder e'er resounds your call  
To us who feverish wait—yea, wait and pine.  
Come, sing the Dawning Day; bestir you, all—  
Ye hearts that flower-like wilt and fade  
Beneath the Frostwind's smarting blade:  
Rise up and Dawnward turn, the Mother calls.  
Ye songbird hearts, drink in the melody that falls  
Mellifluous from her lips thrice-blest.  
For now upon her Virgin breast,  
The King of Light abides.  
In every heart let Him but reign and rest!  
She says—and in his glory hides:  
In every heart, yea, let Him reign and rest,  
His Mother but am I;—yet Nations call me blest.

—Augustine Zeller, C. Ss. R.

## A METHOD OF RECITING THE ROSARY

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We pray to God, not because He is ignorant of our wants, but to acknowledge our utter dependence upon Him, our faith in His power, our confidence in His mercy. The fact that we appeal to Him at times indirectly, **through the intercession** of the saints and of the Mother of Jesus, is explained very naturally. As unworthy children of God, we ask Our Mother Mary to plead our cause for us. As humble subjects of the King of Heaven, we place our petition in the hands of one who is near and dear to Him. We imitate the hosts at the banquet in Cana, asking the Mother to speak to her Son for us, with the hope of being as graciously heard as they were.

Prayer to Mary then is legitimate; it is also effective. The Blessed Virgin readily becomes our advocate because she is our tender Mother; her pleading with her Divine Son on our behalf is all-powerful, because Jesus Christ is her loving and dutiful Child.

But what form of prayer is best calculated to elicit the interest of Our Lady, to win her sympathy? No petition can be more agreeable to her than the Rosary. It is composed of three excellent prayers: The Our Father, revealed by Jesus Christ Himself; the Hail Mary, in part brought down from Heaven by the Angel Gabriel: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," in part inspired to Saint Elizabeth: "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb (Jesus)," completed by the Holy Church: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the Hour of our death. Amen;" lastly the "Glory be to the Father, etc.," that resembles the hymn of praise of the angels.

The Rosary, it is objected, is an endless and meaningless repetition of the same formulas, it is drearily monotonous. That is true if it is said in parrot-fashion, if the mind does not keep pace with the lips, if it is recited thoughtlessly. But if we mean what we say, if our words come from the heart, we give proof of our earnestness and affection. Love never wearies of repeating the same sentiments, love never tires of hearing them. If we meditate on the mysteries, the Rosary is a real, a sublime prayer. We must not be frightened away by the mention of meditation—that simply means thought, followed by an affection and a petition.

The Rosary is a mingling of vocal and mental prayer, of words and

thoughts. The words, divine and heavenly in their origin, are the most beautiful in existence, the thoughts—or reflection on the mysteries,—place before us the whole life of Our Lord from the first announcement of His coming on earth to his glorious ascension into Heaven. It should not seem strange that this prayer, so agreeable to Mary, should be so very much concerned with Jesus Christ. In the mind of the Church, Mother and Child are inseparable—through Mary we expect to reach the Heart of her Son. “The incense,” says Father Sheehan, “that circles round her image, rises to the King of Heaven.”

Meditation on the mysteries, or the consideration of Our Saviour's life, passion, and triumph, is the very soul of the Holy rosary, it must run through every Hail Mary like the chain that holds the beads together.

The important question is: How are we to meditate? What method are we to follow to prevent our minds from straying away from holy things while our lips repeat the Hail Mary? We must keep our imagination busy, we must hold before our minds a picture that will absorb our attention. That picture according to the wish of the Church is the mystery. It represents Jesus Christ in one of the various scenes of His life, which show forth His love and teach a salutary lesson. We must not merely cast a casual glance upon that picture, we must make it live. Our eyes must see the features of Our Saviour, our ears harken to His words, our hearts throb with pity, with gladness, with triumph, with love as He appears in suffering and pain, in joy or in glory. As Msgr. Benson says somewhere, during the recitation of the Rosary go as children to Our Blessed Mother; she opens the picture-books portraying the life of her Son, she explains the scenes to us, as her eyes follow ours, she points out the beauties contained therein, she turns the pages softly to afford us increased interest and new pleasures.

#### HOW TO SAY THE ROSARY WELL

There are various methods in use as aids to keep the mysteries of the Rosary before the mind. One is to add, after every Hail Mary, a simple sentence that recalls it, for instance “Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus—who became man for us—who died for us—and so on.

Another is to dwell on the very words of the prayer, addressing Our Blessed Lady with the angel Gabriel: “Hail, full of grace” or

entering into the spirit in which St. Elizabeth exclaimed: "Blessed art thou among women."

We would suggest another method. It consists in the placing before you of a moving picture of each mystery, made up of details drawn for the most part from the Gospel (the Rosary is a distinctively Scriptural prayer) set down in a natural order, to help the memory. Striking headings, one for each Hail Mary, give a condensed Bible narrative of the scene. It is not meant that you should necessarily follow every detail of the sketch outlined—read it over carefully several times—if one point interests you, dwell on it while you recite several Hail Marys. Some lessons are indicated for each mystery—choose one of them or any other that your meditation may suggest—and ask Mary to pray for you that you may obtain it.

The recitation of the Rosary according to these suggestions will mean a quarter of an hour spent with the Blessed Virgin in thinking over the life of Our Lord—a quarter of an hour of faith and love.

The reader will find this method described on the rear inside cover of THE LIGUORIAN during this and the coming months.

Try to say your Rosary well. You will find it easy.

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### MY ROSARY.

There comes in the midst of my toiling  
A lull in the battle of life;  
And on wings of prayer sweetly soaring  
I rise above sorrow and strife.  
No matter how weary my spirit  
No matter how troubled my mind,  
The Rosary, Garland of Mary,  
A solace, a comfort I find.  
Methinks, as I whisper its Ave's  
And dwell on its Mysteries fair,  
An angel doth lift for the moment  
My burden of sorrow and care.  
I love thee my poor well-worn chaplet  
Each bead more than rubies is dear,  
For I know that when telling thy decades  
My own darling Mother is near.



## FATHER TIM CASEY

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"This afternoon, Mr. Blaberfield," began Father Casey, "I shall briefly explain the Catholic doctrine on the veneration of images. Crucifixes, pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary and—"

"Why does your Church," broke in Mr. Blaberfield irascibly, "in the clear noonday light of this cultured age, still cling to such mediaeval mummary?"

"I fear you misunderstand us, Mr. Blaberfield; we Catholics venerate images, not on account of what they are in themselves, but on account of what they represent. An example will make my meaning clear. Patriotic Americans weave garlands about Washington's picture, February 22, not because they have any regard for that particular square piece of canvass or for the dried paint that covers it, but because that picture represents a man whom they love and admire. Venerating thus the visible likeness of the now invisible Washington, they feel that they grow to know him better and love him more. It is thus that Catholics venerate the images of Christ and His Saints."

"And furthermore," continued the Priest, "we know that Christ and His Saints though themselves invisible, can still see us, and that they are pleased to see us honor their images, just as your absent friend would be pleased to learn that you fondly cherished his portrait. Your repugnance for this doctrine is likely traceable to the oft-repeated calumny that Catholics adore images in the same way that pagans adore their false gods."

"Oh Father Casey, no one, except the denizens of the tall timber, believes that moss-covered lie nowadays. No; I condemn your veneration of images, not because I suspect you of idolatry, but because I consider the practice useless and silly."

Father Casey tapped impatiently on the table and gazed hopelessly out of the window. This Mr. Blaberfield was to marry a love-sick girl of the parish, and he was coming, with a very bad grace, to take the six prescribed instructions in the Catholic Religion so that he would know what he was doing when he signed the contract to allow his wife and children to practice that religion. Though intelligent and well informed on every other question, he was stubbornly unreasonable regarding every point of Catholic belief or practice. That was why Father Casey, in sheer despair, tapped impatiently on the table and looked hopelessly out of the window.

On the street below a snow ball battle was raging. The enemy's well directed fire had proved too much for "Jerry" Flynn, and that pugnacious youth was running—rather, he was retiring to a strategic position—down the alley. That was all that Father Casey saw, but it must have given him an inspiration, for he brightened like a flash, closed the Catechism and threw it on the table, and turning to his companion, said:

"Mr. Blaberfield, yesterday was Christmas; what are your earliest recollections of the feast?"

It looked for a moment as though Mr. Blaberfield would meet this unexpected advance with his usual studied antagonism, but on second thought the subject appealed to him, and, as it was furthermore neutral ground, he softened.

"My earliest recollections,"—he was speaking slowly, leaning far back in his chair, and puffing great clouds of cigar smoke towards the ceiling, "are of the Christmas tree with its little colored candles—and of the plum pudding which always sent up such mysterious clouds of white steam as my mother brought it in from the kitchen. I used to imagine that there were little Christmas elves and goblins dancing in that steam, and I always took good care to blow it off my share lest I should swallow some of them. But best of all I remember the big fireplace and Santa Claus who I thought came in there. I used to spend a great deal of time speculating about him and wondering whether he knew my name and liked me."

"And what," queried Father Casey, who noted that all the Christmas thoughts of this Protestant child had been of the earth earthy, "are your recollections of the church; I suppose your parents brought you there?"

"Oh yes, they were strict church goers. Why, I remember I used to look at all the evergreen boughs about the doors and windows and wonder whether they would grow if they were fastened to the trees again. But the church seemed more empty and gloomy Christmas than at other times, possibly because our own home was unusually bright and pleasant, and I was anxious to have the service over so that I could get back there."

"And what are your early recollections of the Infant Saviour and of the Angels that announced His birth, and of the shepherds and kings that came to visit Him?"

"My recollections of all that are hazy enough. Of course the

Minister would preach about it, and, after we got home, father would read a chapter of the Bible about it, but I never seemed to grasp the meaning of the whole thing. It was many years later before I understood precisely what Christmas meant."

"What a pity," mused Father Casey, "that you were not taught in your tenderest years the sublime and beautiful truths commemorated by the feast of Christmas! You had a vivid imagination. It would have helped to impress those truths so deeply upon your childish mind that your whole after life would have been more spiritual—more supernatural."

"I dare say you are right," returned the other, "and I believe that nearly all children have a very vivid imagination and do a great deal of day dreaming just as I did. But as for teaching them the Christmas story in their tenderest years—it can't be done. Such truths as the human birth of the Son of God are too difficult; you can't teach them to children."

The Priest did not answer, but he smiled and looked at Mr. Blabersfield, as much as to say, "Can't you." Then he threw up the sash, put his head out of the window, and shouted:

"Gerard, come in here."

"Jerry" Flynn, for that was the person addressed, sheepishly dropped the well moulded snow ball he was just aiming at the Milligan cat, tipped his cap with a ready, "All right, Fader," ran up the steps, and burst into the room.

"Gerard, what's Christmas?" asked Father Casey bluntly without wasting any time over a preface.

"Our Lord's birthday," promptly responded the ready "Jerry".

"Which birthday was yesterday?"

"His 1914th birthday."

"And didn't Our Lord exist before His first birthday 1914 years ago?"

"Oh yes, Fader, but He was up in heaven."

"Go ahead, Gerard; tell us the whole story. This gentleman wants to hear it."

"Jerry" was thawing out in more senses than one. He dispatched a scouting party through his pockets for a needed handkerchief; the search proving fruitless, he requisitioned a coat sleeve and began:

"We couldn't any of us get to heaven unless Our Lord died for us, 'cause our first parents committed 'riginal sin. So our Lord came down

from heaven and took a body like any little baby, and He was born in a stable, and that made Christmas. There was a ox and a donkey in the stable, and Our Lord's Mother put Him in the manger full of straw, and St. Joseph was along to take care of them and to lead the donkey when Our Lord and His Mother rode on it. It was at night, and lots of angels were singing around, and they woke up the shepherds, and the shepherds came down to the stable to see Jesus and say their prayers, and the Wise Kings saw a big star over the stable and they came too. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph," continued "Jerry" (he was looking off into space as though he were describing events that occurred to him in the distant past), "were awful sorry they couldn't make a fire. But it wouldn't a been no use, 'cause there wasn't no doors to the stable. Jesus shivered all the time—but I guess—if—if we weren't bad so often, He would a been warmer."

"Well done, Gerard!" cried Father Casey. "You heard all that in my Christmas sermon yesterday, did you?"

"Fader, I was asleep while you were preaching," said honest "Jerry".

"Then who," urged the Priest, undisturbed by "Jerry's" compliment (?), "who taught you all these things you have been telling us?"

"Fader, nobody; I allus knowed them."

"There you are," said Father Casey, after "Jerry" had left, with his depleted treasury somewhat replenished; "you say that the truths of faith cannot be taught to a child. 'Jerry' as they call him, is only nine years old, and he is more at home in those truths than many a man of forty-five."

"Father Casey," said Mr. Blaberfield with genuine admiration, "It's astounding! How do you Catholics do it?"

"Come, and I will show you," saying which the Priest linked arms with his companion and led him to the church. Though it was mid-afternoon and there was to be no service, the building was by no means empty. Several persons were there and all in more or less close proximity to a beautiful "Crib of Bethlehem" which told to the eye in the most vivid language every detail of the Christmas story. A group of the little parish school girls, so prim and dainty in their new holiday dresses, were praying devoutly and drinking in the beauty of the Divine Child and His gentle Mother. Then there were three boys about "Jerry's" age, perhaps the very ones with whom he had been engaged in the recent artillery duel on the street, for a snow ball, which had

lodged between the shoulder blades of one of the three, was slowly melting and trickling down the back of his coat. They knelt, crowding up as near the crib as possible and clasping their dirty hands on the very feet of good St. Joseph. After a prayer, which, let us hope, was as fervent as it was brief, there followed some animated whispering with sundry pointings at the Infant, the Wise Kings (especially the black one), the donkey, the ox, and the sheep. One look at these earnest, boyish faces was sufficient to convince the Protestant that the Christmas story was as real and familiar to them as if they had taken part in it themselves. After their theological discussion had been finished to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned, and frequent citations of what "Sister said", there was another short prayer, a nondescript Sign of the Cross, a genuflection toward the Blessed Sacrament, and they were out on the street to join the belligerents.

When the patter of their feet had died away, Father Casey, by a gesture, told his companion to listen to the low sweet voice of a young mother who knelt a short distance in front of them and was explaining the meaning of the crib to her child. The child, a sturdy little fellow of three or four, was standing on the kneeling bench beside her with his elbows on the back of the pew before him and his plump chin in his hands. The interest with which he listened to his mothers' simple explanation and the eagerness with which he asked question after question, without once taking his eyes off the statues, showed how deeply his childish imagination had been impressed with the story of the first Christmas night.

Father Casey and his companion turned and walked down the aisle. A car had just stopped at the corner, and several of the passengers, returning from their day's work, had alighted and were hurrying into the church to make a little visit to the crib. Mr. Blaberfield noticed among them several men about his own age, and he found himself envying them at the thought that the crib would recall to their minds scenes from their own early childhood like those which he had just witnessed. The moment he had set his foot outside the door, the Priest wheeled and faced him.

"There sir, is food for thought for you. You, as a child, knew little of the great truths of faith, because Protestantism spoke only to your intellect, and spoke in dry, lifeless texts which your childish mind could not grasp: "Jerry" Flynn, at nine years, understands these truths better than many a man of forty, because the Catholic Church

taught "Jerry", and the Catholic Church takes men as God made them—not intellect alone, but intellect, heart, and imagination—she speaks to all three and thus reaches the whole man. Perhaps now, sir, religious pomp and ceremony, statues, pictures, and symbols, which the Catholic Church uses to speak to her children, and which Protestantism condemns, do not appear so useless and silly as they did."

"I must admit, Father Casey, that they do not."

"And another thing you must admit, Mr. Blaberfield, if you accept the logic of facts, is this: Protestantism is too young and inexperienced to teach that wise old mother, the Catholic Church, how to bring up children. It is like a woman who has just stupidly overlain and smothered her only child coming to lecture the mother of a dozen husky youngsters on how to take care of babies.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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### A NEGLECTED CHRISTMAS GIFT

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"God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son." And why? As the victim for our sin and the price of our ransom from hell. If God really wished to inspire us with confidence and wished to force us to love Him, could He have offered us a more compelling gift than this? St. Augustine came to this conclusion long ago: "In giving us his only son, He could not give us more." Perhaps we would wish to be saved. But in this tiny Christ-child we have all that we need to be saved. We yearn for light and peace and strength, confidence, love, and eternal glory. But in Our Lord all this is contained and most abundantly.

"How hath He not with Him given us all things?" If God gave us His only son, who is the fountain and treasure of every blessing, can we still fear that He might refuse us some little drop of consolation or some crumb of favor?

"Christ Jesus is of God made unto us wisdom and justice, and sanctification and redemption." We were ignorant and blind indeed, and our own experience has brought the bitter lesson home to us; and see: God has given us His Son that He may be for us a light and guide on the way to heaven. We were sadly defiled by sin and unworthy of heaven and our conscience bore a terrible testimony against us; and see: God gave us His only Son that He might be our justice

and His merits might secure for us an entrance into heaven. We were slaves of the demon and so low had we sunk that we almost kissed our chains and cared not for freedom from our wretched bondage; and see: God gave us His only Son that He might set us free and break those chains and exalt us to the incredible dignity of children of God.

Truly St. Paul had fullest right to remind us: "In all things you are made rich in Him. So that nothing is wanting to you in any grace." It is only our want of reflection and our boundless ingratitude that permit us to forget or neglect such affection.

And this gift is made to each one of us. God has given His Son for each one of us, just as if He gave Him for each one of us alone. We too, and each one of us, may rejoice with St. Paul: "He hath loved me and delivered Himself for me." Yes, for me in the singular, **for me individually.** He is all my own then. His body is mine. His blood is mine. His life is mine. His sorrows, his death, his merits are all mine. Could we wish a fairer Christmas gift of God? And what gift will we bring Him in return?

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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## MONICA, A PENITENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

### A LIFE PICTURE

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I had been requested to call on Mrs. Condon. It was quite early that morning. No children were as yet on their way to school, nor was there much traffic in the streets. It was very still in the narrow street with its little frame houses. Mrs. Condon lived in one of them.

I knocked at her door more than once but got no answer. Looking through the window I saw that she was sitting by the fireplace.

Fearing she must be ill, I opened the door and went in. The fire had either not been lighted or had gone out, but she didn't seem to notice. Her face looked drawn and gray and her poor hands were trembling.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Condon?"

She looked at me dully, as though she scarcely understood; but she answered at once.

"No, Father, I'm not ill, but I'm in some trouble. My Monica is gone and left me."

Monica was quite an attractive girl, with delicate complexion and



features and was rather tall for her age. How Mrs. Condon came to be her mother I never could think. Her father had been lost at sea when she was hardly three months old, but Mrs. Condon simply adored her, toiling and working her fingers to the bone to bring her child up to something different from that which she herself had known.

"Left you," exclaimed the priest. "Has she got work out of town?"

She fumbled in her dress pocket and drew out a letter.

"Dear Mother," it said, "I write these few lines hoping they will find you well as they leave me at present. I am going to be a lady, and don't worry for I am very happy. He is a real gentleman and has bought me a gold watch. I will write to you again; so no more for the present.

From your loving daughter, Monica."

"Where did she go?" asked the priest.

"The black-hearted devil that stole her knows and the God that made her. Is it myself would be sitting here if I'd knew where she'd gone?"

Speaking to some one unsealed her sorrow and the tears rolled down her cheeks. We searched for Monica but to no purpose. No one seemed to know with whom she had gone. One other message **her mother had from her, a post-card.** On this she said they were in Toledo. Nothing more was heard and Mrs. Condon settled down to the tragedy of her life.

Poor woman! she was a revelation of what a mother's love could be. She remained in the little home for she lived in the hope that one day Monica would return.

"And what would she do, the poor child, if she found me gone?" she said, when I urged her to move into a single room which would have sufficed for her needs.

Every morning she went to mass to pray for Monica, and every evening, in the gathering darkness, she would visit the Bl. Sacrament to be alone with her hidden Lord, to weep there and to plead for her poor lost child . . .

All day she toiled for her daily bread and late into the night she went fearlessly into unspeakable dens of the city to search for Monica . . .

She had photographs taken of herself. How I pitied her when she showed me the cheap pictures and told me why she had done it; why



she gave them to the girls who had left the Good Shepherd Home. It was in the hope that one day, Monica might happen to find her Mother's picture and meeting it unawares in such places, would tell her that down in her mother's heart was still that old, old love for her, calling her back to her little home.

Two years passed and still we heard nothing of Monica. Then one day, we had a letter from the Mother Superior; Monica had come to them the day before.

She had been deserted in an eastern city by the man who had betrayed her; her baby had died and she, ill and heart broken had spent the last money she had. Then friendless, fallen and starving she came back to her home city. She thought of her mother, of the few good neighbors who lived in the narrow little street with its frame houses, but she dared not think of going to them . . . even plain people will not brook the shame of a soiled and bleeding rose . . . There seemed nothing left to her now but the dreadful resource of the streets, the concert halls and gilded cafes. A sister of Christ, in the dens of sin and shame—in a city of more than 170 Catholic Churches.

There was a time when bright spirits of heaven saw and loved her; when the baptismal waters fell from her brow, angels gazed with rapture on the beauty of God that flashed from her infant soul. In childhood she went to sleep with the sweet names of Jesus and Mary on her lips. She grew in beauty, her conceited fancy was caught by the gaudy tinsel of fashion, and the devil whispered that surely such a graceful rose was never destined to waste its perfume amongst plain, simple people. She listened to the tempter and fled to her ruin . . .

But the prayers of a broken hearted mother were heard. The grace of God triumphed.

One night when the skies were as dark and starless as her own life, she shivered under the city lamps. The chime of a neighboring convent came borne to her ear; that simple messenger was the herald of God's grace. It recalled the "Angelus" of her girlhood days; it awakened the nobler self that had slept for years, it recalled the thousand memories clasped within the sacred word "home", for as the sea-shell forever murmurs the music of its native deep, the heart will ceaselessly re-echo the memories of home—the mother's voice, the playmate's laugh, the reverent whisper of evening prayer—these come floating back like spirit voices from a brighter land.

Thus God's triumph came. In shame spots burned on her cheeks,

disgust choked her and a great cry rose from the depth of her being calling for home, and peace, and God, and a strange impulse moved her feet to the convent door of the Good Shepherd Sisters.

Thus broken in heart and broken in health, she was taken in by the Sisters. Gentle and patient in her suffering, grateful for all that was done for her, she lay in her bed, looking like a flower that had been broken in a wild storm.

"Will my mother come soon?" she would repeatedly ask. Monica's mother had not been seen for some time. If we are to believe the neighbors, she had gone east in search of her girl.

June was intensely hot and dry that year, and gradually, we could see her strength failing.

It was the eve of the feast of the Visitation when she received the last sacraments.

The room was prepared for the long, dreary night; slowly the hands of the little watch went round and the church clock tolled out solemnly in the dark night the hours of ten, eleven, then twelve. The shadow of the moon had moved and its light played on the sick girl's face.

The noise of the street, the rumble of the cabs and electric cars grew less distant and at last died almost away.

I thought of the sin and crime, the anguish and despair hanging like a black cloud over the mighty city, of the life-dramas that were being enacted. How that mid-night hour was for some the signal for crime, for others the time for prayer, and for some the last or a long and ill-spent life. I looked down upon that face and thought how it had been lashed by the mid-night rains, what hideous and dark images had passed before those clear, blue and once innocent eyes.

The morning of the feast dawned. At 5:30 she opened her eyes and listened: "Domine, Dominus noster; quam admirable est nomen tuum in universa terra:"—"The Holy Magdalens," she whispered: "how much they pray; how peacefully their lives are spent."

She closed her eyes again and seemed to sleep, but I could see that a subtle change had passed over her. She did not speak or move until the convent bell rang for six o'clock Mass.

"Six o'clock, ain't it, mother?"

"Yes, Monica," answered the Mistress of the Penitents.

"How wonderfully punctual they are here. Do you think my mother will come today?"

"I do not know, Monica. This is our Lady's day. Maybe *she* will send her."

It was a lonely morning. The window was open and in the convent garden the birds were singing gaily; the dew lay heavily on the yet unopened flowers and glittered on every leaf and twig. It was very still, so still that we could hear the murmur of the priest's voice at the altar repeating the "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus."

Then, as if in answer to some call, Monica sat up. She looked beyond the door to the glory of the morning sky. At the vision upon which she seemed to gaze, a look so poignant in its joy and wonder as to strike pain to one's heart, dawned on her wasted features.

"I've come home, mother," she said, "a poor, deluded child." Tenderly, as one lays down a sleeping child to rest, one of the nuns laid the dead girl back upon the pillow.

It was long before the silence in the room was broken. From the chapel came the low-toned voice of the priest: "Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi," then the silvery chiming of the altar bell announced communion and God, hiding His infinite might and infinite love in the stillness of a little white host, was about to enter the hearts of his creatures.

Suddenly, the heavy wooden side-gate was pushed back, hurried footsteps were in the hall, the door of the infirmary opened and Monica's mother was standing there. . . . "Ah! Mrs. Condon, you have come too late. Your Monica is dead. But see, the rosary entwines her wasted hands. She had come back to God and has gone home to rest on our Lady's day."

And while Mrs. Condon, with her dead Monica in her arms, was weeping silently, the nuns and the penitent children were praying in the chapel: "*Blessed be God. Blessed be his Holy Name.*"

GEO. A. THOMAS, C. SS. R.

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We read the following in the Milwaukee Sentinel of October 30: "NEENAH—Conforming with the action taken by similar organizations here, the Menasha lodge of Elks announces that the tango, hesitation, and dances of a similar nature, will be barred at a series of dancing parties this winter."

When a rollicking crowd like the Elks taboo modern dances, it is about time for our Young Ladies' Sodality to do likewise.

## "WHAT THINK YOU OF THE CHRIST"

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Human pride is as old as Adam yet man has not learned its lesson. Our first parents were to be "like unto God", their generations mistook the failure and assumed to themselves the illusive inheritance. At the very moment in which God was "putting on the form of a servant the leaders of His chosen people were guilty of excesses like to those of the angels at the revolt in heaven. Little content were the Rabbis to be classed with the Patriarchs and Prophets; to be placed before princes and kings; they put themselves above the Law; they claimed complete inerrancy, the legend even goes that one, the Rabbi Ravah, was taken from earth to decide a dispute that arose between God and the Rabbis of heaven. Lucifer scarce went farther. What then could be expected of them when the Saviour asked: "What think you of Christ?" Like the Archfiend they recoiled from the acknowledgment of Christ's Divinity. They slunk away. And if, as the cycle of each year closes, the same question is presented to us, let us approach its answer, not in the spirit of the Talmud legend, but with reverence and love.

"What think you of the Christ?" The grand fact running through history is St. John's answer: Christ is the Word made flesh that enlightens every man that cometh into this world. The three great theatres of man's activity, the far East, Greece, and Rome, are the darkness that failed to comprehend Him. The dream of universal unity obsessed the ancient world. Cyrus' successes were well nigh coterminous with the earth, as then known; Alexander sighed for other lands to conquer; Rome's legions furrowed the roads of East and West. But their dream of universal monarchy was founded on the sword and sabre. It entered the heart of none to lead men to the only unity that can bind them, the unity of thought, of doctrine, of morality. India had its cult, China its belief, Persia its religious system, and Egypt its mysteries; yet neither Confucius nor Buddha nor any other teacher thought of going forth to teach mankind its common inheritance. Even Judea, the chosen of God, with her promised King, "The Lord of the World," with her doctrine and moral, God's gift to mankind, even she failed in her calling. She awaited a King, "The Desired of Nations," to fulfil her hopes, and, on the night of His coming, her sons plotted intrigue and hatched rebellion on their way to enrolment. Nor was Greece, the hearth, the home of ancient culture, better than her

Eastern neighbors. The land that in a century produced intellectual splendors which the world still honors, could not break through her barriers. Down the days to the fulness of time that world, teeming with thought, could not conceive of the Word Eternal that enlightens mankind. Even Socrates and Plato, who believed philosophy a revelation passed down from the gods through generations, sought not to sound their message beyond the limits of a school. And over on the Tiber sat Rome, the Eternal City. Her dogged toil of eight long centuries united in one polity the nations of antiquity. But she never fused the motley mass; she never tried to reconstruct a moral unit. Her policies left no place or trace of man's common origin or final purpose. Like Israel's Prophet King, the Augustus gloated on the vastness of his empire. His will was law from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, from the Thames of Britain to Egypt's Nile. And, like another Balthazar, the lord of Caesar's palace feared not, for he knew not, as Herod did, that another King, the King of Peace, had come unto his own.

To Christ was it left to proclaim man's world-wide brotherhood; to teach all nations that God is their common Father, a Father with a father's love. The best and purest of those who groped in pre-Christian darkness felt a something beyond them to live for, a something indistinctly Divine. It was a glimmer of light mid the darkness, a ray of Omniscience strayed earthward. Might not the Almighty have left it to develop itself till it penetrated the mists which enveloped it? Or might not God, who is the very center of every soul, have whispered to each the eternal Truth by inner inspiration? The possibilities of God! We know too little of the Divine art of magnifying lowliness. We are too small to picture God except "in power and grandeur." God's lowliness confounds us. To transform the world, to make conquest of the human heart, to lead "captivity captive," "the Word was made flesh." Divine presumption! to subdue the entire world to Truth by the preaching of His Word! Where but in the Heart of God could such a pretence lie! Truly cried the great Archangel—*Quis ut Deus—*Who is like to God.

But the Eternal knew a lowlier depth, mortality. The darkness of Pagan days dispelled by the noon-day brightness of God's revelation would have shown forth the benignity, but not the humanity of God, the Savior.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
With human hands the creed of creeds  
In lowliness of perfect deeds  
More strong than all poetic thought . . . .

That is to say, the Word-made-flesh clothed His Words in flesh; gave his doctrine its perfect complement and correlative—a visible form and body fitted to it by the same Divine skill that fashioned our body to be the expression, the complement, the instrument of our soul."

The early East and classic Greece developed great philosophers; Rome and Islam, marvels of polity. Their products were exotics, borrowers of God. Buddha and Plato may still appeal to human minds; Augustus and Mahomed elicit admiration, but as persons they sleep with their fathers, their memories are with a past long gone. Their death made an ache in the hearts of a few but time rent the bonds of personal nearness. How different with Christ! The Word made flesh is flesh of our flesh. From the day the Beloved Disciple nestled his head on the Savior's bosom, through the martyr myriads who felt as Polycarp: "Eighty and six years have I served Him and He never did me wrong, how then can I blaspheme Him?" down through the years; each year has its days and each day has its Saint clinging to Him more fondly than to mother or to brother; clinging to Him with that conscious closeness of one person to another. What Buddhist now prays to Gautama? What Moslem to his Prophet? Has anyone heard a suppliant voice pleading with Confucius or Zoroaster? Like mortals before them they came and have gone. The Eternal Word alone is with us. And unto this day binds living men with bonds of love, with love as real as when Peter protested: "Lord, Thou Knowest that I love Thee."

"The years Jesus passed outside retirement were a continued sermon, the miraculous action of His Word. He reared no monumental philosophy which escaped the multitude about Him and was left to a learned posterity to admire. Christ spoke to all and everywhere, at all times and in any form that man might understand." And the Gospel preached from Catholic pulpits is the prolongation of that sermon the extension of the Word made flesh enlightening every man that cometh into this world. If we would but oftener open our hearts to the voice of God what lessons for life would we learn! Napoleon the consul, the king, the emperor, morally worthless, strode the earth like a giant, a Colossus. Napoleon the exile, broken in power, not in mind, rejected

by men, not by God, subjected himself to the sway of the Savior. At St. Helena the Gospel became for him "no mere book but a living creature with a vigor, a power which conquers all that oppose it, . . . Men wonder" he said "at the conquests of Alexander but Christ is a conqueror who draws to Himself for their highest good, who unites to Himself, incorporates into Himself not a nation but the whole human race . . . Jesus Christ is more than man. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne and myself have founded empires on force, Jesus alone founded His on love and to this day millions die for Him."

T. F. KENNY, C. SS. R.

## THE SHEPHERDS' IN THE FIELD—A Bible Study

*St. Luke, Chap. II., V. 8-16.*

*Out in the night, v. 8.* How simply St. Luke introduces the beautiful story! He gives no hint of the marvels that follow. Heaven wishes its first Merry Christmas to earth. No mind of man or angel can ever comprehend all the Gift then given.

*Time.* We adopt the tradition of the Roman church according to which this scene occurred in winter. The text tells us that it was night time. Hence a few words about winter in Palestine may not be amiss. Palestine lies in the subtropical zone. It has practically but two seasons: summer and winter. Winter reaches from December to February, with a proportionate margin of chilly weather preceding and following. It is really the rainy season. The first rain begins in October, softens the soil and prepares it to receive the seed. The second rains are the most abundant and coincide with our January, when rain falls the oftenest. The last rains come in February till March. The temperature is not very severe and varies with the altitude. Upon the highlands as in Jerusalem, the temperature sometimes sinks below zero especially at night. In 1864 the thermometer showed an average of 3 below zero. During the day the weather grows warmer. Around Jerusalem the average is usually given as 16 above zero for November; 9 for December; 8 for January; 9 for February; and 14 for March. The beginning of January is the coldest. We naturally look for snow in a winter-scene. Mountains such as Lebanon and Hermon are covered with perpetual snows. In the rest of Palestine it falls rarely, though veritable snowstorms are recorded. In Galilee it may lie on the ground three or four days ere it melts. In Jerusalem it will melt in a few hours. But out in the lonely hill country it may lie for weeks in the gullies and ravines. It falls heaviest from December to March. In 1893 a snowstorm occurred on the third of March. Ice was surely known to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for it is often mentioned in their literature, as for instance in Ecclesiasticus, XLIII, 22. It is seldom met with. Comfortable people heat their homes from the middle of December until February or even March. Travelling, when it had to be done on foot, was very dangerous and painful, especially when the roads had become slippery with frost. In general, December is stormy, while January and February are cold and wet.

*Place.* St. Jerome who lived in the grotto of the Nativity for nearly thirty years assures us that a chapel had been built on the spot. Nowadays the ruins of a chapel are traceable about a mile southeast of the church of the Nativity. The text only tells us that our scene transpires in the same country. And this country is hallowed by many a sacred memory of the past. Here in these fields at the foot of the hill Ruth followed the gleaners in the wheat field of Booz.



Among these hills and valleys David pastured his father's flocks. Here perhaps in buoyant youth were inspired those Psalms so entrancingly sweet.

*Persons.* "The shepherds keeping their night watches with the flock." The sheep are kept out of doors as much as possible. And the shepherd's lot must have been a hard one. "This period tries the patience and endurance of the shepherd. He cuts small branches from the trees and bushes and lays them in a pile to avoid the consequences of standing in the wet. We have known instances where the skin has peeled off completely from the soles of the poor shepherd's feet by such exposure. The only sleep he can procure is by lying in such a pile of branches or fagots, enveloped in his heavy felt cloak, or crouching in a sitting posture, with its stiff heavy folds shutting up over him like a tent. A shepherd once told us that being alone with his flock on such an occasion, he went to sleep at night in this position and found himself, on awakening in the morning, half buried under a heavy fall of snow, with the sheep and dogs floundering around him." On such nights too the danger is greatest. Then the dogs are drowsy and seek the shelter of some bush or tree, while the hungry wolf or lion or panther is prowling about. So, too, perhaps the shepherds of our story were huddled together, speaking of the inclement weather, of the howling of some distant wolf, of the Roman soldiers that had just entered the town and were enforcing the hated census.

*The messenger from Heaven, 9-12.* The great work of the Incarnation has just been completed in the desolate cave. God looks to earth for some recognition of his love. But earth sleeps on in misery and sin. So many centuries ago God had begun to herald his coming by the voice of his prophets. Men listened—but only as they would listen to a fairy tale. An expectation that some great Prince would come to rule the world had penetrated both Jew and Gentile. And yet when the hour of His coming struck, who was prepared to welcome him? God himself must rouse man to a sense of his happiness.

And lo! from among the throngs of heavenly beings that glitter round his throne there speeds a messenger to earth. It may be Gabriel, who once announced to Mary that she had become the Mother of her God. But to whom will he address his first good wishes? Will he seek out the palace of the Caesars where men bow low in homage? Will he appeal to Herod the King whom his flatterers call the "Great"? Will he hover over the homes of wealth or the centers of earth's boasted wisdom? If we would know God's preferences, let us follow the angel's shining trail, as it glistens in the night, far away from power, wealth, and wisdom, out into the bleak hills where only poverty dwells forlorn, out to the lonely shepherds and be glad that God is content with so little. He is true to the promise made: "Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel, his Holy One, to the soul that is despised, to the nation that is abhorred, to the servant of Rulers: Kings shall see and princes shall rise up and adore for the Lord's sake, because He is faithful, and for the Holy One of Israel who hath chosen thee." Though a cruel world may scorn, yet God may prize and love. No wonder the shepherds are startled. Thinking themselves alone in the night they never dreamed that the eye of their God was scanning the world for someone to speak with and that His Love had actually singled them out for this honor. A moment ago they were mantled in darkness and now all is resplendent with a wonderful radiance. The Glory of the Lord is come upon them. There is no illusion. That term is often used in the Old Testament to designate God's special presence with men: for instance, when the pillar of fire led the Israelites through the desert, or when Ezekiel beheld the vision as a "bright fire, and lightning going forth from the fire." Then were their eyes rivetted on the angel and they feared with great fear. But his message? Boldly had they faced the lion and the wolf and the fiercer Bedouin robber; by day and night had they looked death in the face, and now they feared. Is it proper that children should tremble when their Father speaks in accents of tenderest love? No! Then see



how the angel with graceful gesture bids them be at ease and listen to their surpassing bliss, to the tidings of great joy. Explain his words—we cannot. Let us simply recall the promises made in the words of Isaiah: "The people that walked in the darkness have seen a great light. To them that dwell in the region of the shadow of death a great light is seen. Thou hast multiplied the nation and hast multiplied their joy (as good authorities read). They shall rejoice before thee as they that rejoice in the harvest, as the conquerors rejoice after taking a prey and dividing the spoils. For the yoke of their burden and the rod of their shoulder and the sceptre of their oppressor thou hast broken as in the days of Madian." This is the greatest joy for man to know that now the yoke and the rod and the sceptre of Satan are broken, now the gates of heaven will be thrown wide open to him. But whence all this joy? Is it true? Is it only another of those gilded promises that men strew broadcast in our path—and when we grasp at the joy we find that we are clutching a lie, and disappointment only embitters our sorrow? Ah, no! God is giving a pledge that cannot fail, the best in his power, His Only Son, true God. Listen to the angel dispelling all our doubts: "For this day is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the city of David". No mistake, for even this had Isaiah announced in God's name so long ago: "For a child is born to us and a son is given to us and the government is on his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, Father of the world to come and Prince of Peace. His empire shall be multiplied and there shall be no end of peace. He shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom to establish it with justice and with judgment from henceforth and forever. The zeal of the Lord will perform this". IX, 1-6. The shepherds were bewildered. Often had they heard such terms read in their synagogues, had heard them on the lips of the masters and people. Surely they cherished with special pride all the historic and sacred events attaching to the city of their birth. But the first and foremost glory of all was the promise that the long expected Messiah would come from David's city, of Bethlehem. When the Magi came inquiring where He was to be born, the answer came quickly: in Bethlehem. But how shall they find this Child? Even this query is forestalled by the angel. He adds the *sign*. "You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." They might imagine that the child should be found among the noble and the wealthy who had come to be registered in the city of David. But no; the child will be so poor as not to have a home of his own. The shepherds might fear the dignity of the child, but no—their poverty will not bar the door against them. Their Saviour is poor as themselves. This description also assures them when in the presence of the child; we shall see how accurately they traced each detail.

*The Heavenly Hosts, 18-14.* The words of the angel are dying away on the quiet air. The Shepherds had seen it with their own eyes, their ears had heard—surely God had furnished them ample certainty of the marvelous visit. But no,—for our sakes perhaps, God goes on to give them another proof that appears irresistible. The portals of heaven swing wide and like a cloud of light the myriads of heavenly spirits rush down to earth.

"*The heavenly army*" is another of those terms so frequent in Holy Writ. It sometimes serves to designate the stars because of their elevation so inestimably high above this sordid earth, their sparkling brilliance and the mute eloquence with which they praise God's works when silent night enfolds all earth in rest. So this same term was then applied to the angels also for they too are immeasurably exalted above our poor earth, ever hover in God's presence and sing his praise in endless bliss. It is proper too that they should seem to share in God's greatest work. The Book of Job tells us how they assisted at the creation of our earth. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of earth? When the morning stars praised me together and the sons of God made a joyful melody? And now when God has laid the cornerstone of a new creation in grace far more noble than this sorry earth of perishable clay—is it not fitting

that angels' song should thrill the air when God's own heart is flooded with love and joy? Besides their song is for us the sweetest lesson and tells us what is going on, what God means by all this. Just listen to their *song*. "Glory to God in the highest!" Now the God-man has appeared in the flesh and now it is clear that creation has been raised to its highest glory now its myriad voices in praise of God are joined by the infinite merits of the God-become-man. Once our world sent up to God a cloud of ghastly sin, and now there floats aloft a cloud of glory far more fragrant than the angel's censor, now where sin had once abounded grace doth abound the more, for now a God gives fitting glory to God and this in our name. And "peace on earth to men of good will!" Peace to men who accept God's advances and correspond with generous love; to men who do His will and keep His laws and seek peace with God. Peace to men of God's good will, whom God has loved so well; for whose sake He has sent His only Son to earth. And what sort of peace? Ah, not as the world giveth peace: the peace born of gold that drips with the blood and tears of the poor; peace sought in pleasures that smooth the road to hell; a peace that soils our conscience, tortures hearts and often breeds despair and suicide. God gives peace, the peace of heart and soul, peace for time and eternity.

*With their God, 15-18.* Now see how grace triumphs in the hearts of the shepherds.

They *resolve* to seek their Saviour. They had listened as in a trance of delight. Now the melody dies away and the radiance fades into gloom and they are themselves again—all alone in the dreary field. Perhaps they looked at each other wondering how others were impressed. Then they begin to speak and find that all are aglow with the subtle energy inspired by the vision. All understood the angel and all clamored to go to Bethlehem in quest of the Child. Word and deed are one to them and see how they *carry out* their good resolve: "and they came with haste". They allow no earthly consideration to clog their steps. Yes, they had watched their flocks so carefully, now they go. They knew well enough what risk of earthly loss they encountered. They knew well that even the poorest shepherd was responsible to the owner for the sheep entrusted to his keeping, that he must make good any damage ensuing. They did not wait for the rising sun to illumine their path, but on through the night they went. They thought not of the long way across the valley and up the hill and the groping in the deep forsaken cave. They came in haste: it was not a dream—the air was fresh and keen, the road was long and jagged and the dream would soon have melted away and gone the way of other dreams. This was reality, for see they *found* all, just as it was foretold them. Perhaps this cave was quite familiar to them. Perhaps they had often found shelter here. No matter, now they enter it with palpitating hearts searching for the sign which "the Lord had shown them". And lo, "they found Mary, and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger". All was just as the angel had told them and they were sure they had found the child. They found enough to fill them with wonder and to fill all in the neighborhood with respectful admiration. They must have found grace for their soul for we can test it by the zeal and courage which they display in announcing the birth of the Child to all their friends. The fear of being held as fools and dreamers could not deter them. Surely their kindness in that night so cold, their sympathy with Mary and Joseph must have won them friends in heaven, for many an angel would have gladly shown his love to that Child by the lowliest services. But the Child preferred our helplessness and suffering. And while all the world was wrapped in self-love only these poor shepherds had gathered round their God to serve Him. Surely Mary's gratitude secured abundance of grace for them and made them the first apostles of the New-born Saviour. Perhaps they recalled the words of Isaiah: "His name shall be called God the Mighty" and they sank to their knees in lowly adoration. We, at least, may kneel. Once Jacob was refreshed by the throngs of angels that came down upon him, and see, for us Our God himself has come to us, to be our companion in the way of life and our pledge of heaven.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

## A BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

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'Twas the fifteenth of July, and Father Johnson and I had jumped into our little yellow boat after dinner determined to catch a fine mess of fish for the morrow. The wind was rather brisk, and our little boat rocked up and down like a cradle. But not one single bite did we get, although we could see the fish jumping up on every side of us. At last in sheer despair, after sitting there watching the cork for over three hours, I said to Father Johnson: "Let's quit. You're a Jonah. No fish will bite while you're in the boat." So we rolled up our lines, weighted anchor and started. "You got some fresh air anyway," said Father Johnson. "But look there's the old gentleman sitting in the boat house loaded and primed to shoot off that story." We soon reached the pier, landed, and, in a few moments more, were listening with all our ears.

Anyone passing in the vicinity of the Maloney home any afternoon after school hours, or any holiday, was just as likely as not to hear martial sounds issuing from the little lot behind the stable. On rainy days these sounds were confined to the stable loft, but they thereby increased in intensity in proportion to the limited space. The efficient cause of these sounds were W. T. Maloney and J. H. Bilkins at times augmented by other warlike characters.

When old Drummer Harrington got his left leg shot off in the battle of the Wilderness, he was obliged to lay aside his drum; and when his leg had healed, and he had acquired a good stout wooden one in its place, and the war was over, and he had gone back to Pulaski, and had started a fruit-stand on the corner of Jay St. with the moral and financial assistance of some of his old compatriots, he never quite forgot the generous donation of one hundred dollars received from Mr. Maloney. There was consequently a warm place in his heart for all that bore the Maloney name. Although his faculty of locomotion was somewhat impaired, his hands hadn't lost their cunning. As he had been the champion drummer of the army, it was not possible for him to hide his light, for any length of time, under a bushel. That's how Willie came to be initiated into the mysteries of the drum. He had learned it all from old Harrington, and he had learned it well. He knew all about the flam being an appoggiatura. He revelled in the beauties of the five-stroke, the fifteen-stroke, and the long roll. And he knew and could beat with perfect precision every army call or

march that had ever been invented. His drum was the bottom of a five-gallon coal-oil can, Jimmie Bilkins' base-drum was a large discarded tray from the principal hotel in Pulaski, for which he had fashioned a drum-stick of a small hard rubber ball secured to the end of a piece of broom-stick. With these two drums and a corresponding good-will and energy these two kept the neighborhood in a constant state of war. Old Mr. Dobyn who was somewhat nervous from having imbibed incredible quantities of rot-gut whiskey in his early days, complained to the town council about the drumming, but the only answer he got was: "Do away with steam-whistles, hucksters, car-bells and automobile horns, and we'll do away with the drums." You may be sure that when the old engine was not puffing, or the lariat whistling around the horns of the steer, or Billy Buttons doing circus tricks at the bidding of his master, that these two drummers were marshalling the hosts of war, and leading them on to victory or defeat. "How can you put up with such noise?" was asked of Mrs. Maloney. "Noise?" she replied, "That's music. When children are making noise you may always know that their sport is innocent. But when all is silent, then is it time for mothers to investigate."

"A wise mother, a wise mother!" said Father Johnson nodding his head approvingly.

But now an event was at hand which stirred the Maloney home to its deepest depths.

William Tecumseh Maloney enjoyed the unique distinction of having been born on February twenty-ninth. Yes, that worthy fluttered into the world of ours in leap-year. But somehow or other he celebrated his birthday every year. He reasoned it out this way with his mother.

"Now, mother, you must admit that the day following February twenty-eighth is my birthday."

"Yes," said his mother, "I grant that."

"Well, then I celebrate the day that follows February twenty-eighth. Don't I?"

"Yes, certainly," replied his mother.

"The day that follows February twenty-eighth is March first. Isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Maloney.

"Well, then, March first is my birthday every year except leap-year; then its February twenty-ninth."

Mrs. Maloney couldn't escape such cogent reasoning and only smiled. March first was not very far away. There could already be seen some signs of approaching Spring. The tree-tops were beginning to thicken, the robins and cedar-birds had, for some time, been flitting in and out of the laurel trees; and in the clear evening sky could be heard the far-off cry of the cranes and wild-geese as they made for the North in their wedge-like flight. The earliest flowers were beginning to peep out of the ground, with a wary eye for Jack Frost, and the warm gulf-winds wafted fleecy clouds from the South, which paid frequent tribute to the thirsty earth. As it was not a leap-year Willie's birthday celebration was to take place on March first; and, as luck would have it, March first fell on Tuesday which, for some reason, was a half-holiday. Mrs. Maloney, to my mind, had some very correct notions about these birthday celebrations.

"A birthday celebration" she would say, "is not Catholic. A person is born into this world in sin; while we may rejoice to be born at all, still, why congratulate anyone on being a slave of the devil? And, that's just what a newly-born infant is, until baptized. But, the *name day*, or the day of baptism—that is Catholic, because, on that day, all sin is taken away, the white robe of sanctifying grace is thrown around the soul, she becomes an heir of heaven, a child of God, as beautiful as an angel. But unhappily," she would sigh, "we are creatures of our environment, and thus, even we Catholics celebrate birthdays instead of *namedays*."

But nothing could induce Mrs. Maloney to have a mixed party for one of these celebrations.

"That's perfectly ridiculous" she would say, "and even scandalous to have a room full of boys and girls of that age playing games together, and especially those abominable kissing games. To what purpose, if not to awaken passions which were better dormant. No, I never had such parties, and I never will have them."

So, this year it was settled to have a baseball party. Willie and Patrick got their heads together and drew up a list of the boy's names. There were seventeen of Willie's classmates and eight others who were members of Willie's baseball team. The next day Patrick procured some fine white cards and in his elegant chirography, he penned a beautiful invitation. The boys were surprised and delighted on receiving the following summons: "Master William Tecumseh Maloney desires your presence, at his home, at one-thirty, p. m. on March first

to celebrate with him his eleventh birthday. Please wear your baseball toggery. The game will be called at two o'clock sharp, with Mr. Patrick Maloney as umpire at the home plate and Mr. Karl Schneiderhahn umpire for the bases."

This invitation was sent out about ten days before, thus giving the guests ample time to get their baseball suits in order. Mr. Maloney had rented an entire block from Talbot Witherspoon about two years before to serve as a pasture for the horses and two very fine Jersey cows. This block he had fenced in with a high board fence and planted with Kentucky blue grass which had grown most luxuriantly. The horses and cows kept it well cropped so that really it was an ideal spot for such a game. Mr. Maloney himself had provided two of the very best Spalding balls and a half dozen willow bats of the proper length and weight. Mrs. Maloney had sewn up the canvas bags for the bases and Willie and Jimmie Bilkins had filled them with sawdust. Patrick, who was a decided fan, had, the day before, measured and staked off the bases and put out the foul flags, so that everything was ready. For a couple of days Aunt Chloe and Nancy had been as busy as bees, making preparations for the spread, and Mrs. Maloney and the girls had been planning and perfecting the details of a banquet which would put Delmonico to shame. At last the day arrives, and what a day! Italy never furnished a bluer sky. The gentle breeze from the South breathes over banks of violets. High up in the sunlit air the first swallows dart to and fro and twitter out their notes of content. A glorious mocking-bird pours out his full-throated song from the topmost twig of a lordly magnolia; and the blue-birds warbling their first love-songs are busy laying the foundations of their nests in the garden trees. Spring, her rosy fingers trailing blossoms, stands timidly on tip-toe about to enter. After breakfast June had been sent over to give the finishing touch to the grounds, and had spent the entire forenoon mowing the grass and raking it, so that by dinner time it resembled the front lawn of an Irish landlord.

"Who is that June?" broke in Father Johnson. "Haven't heard of him before."

"Oh! said the Missionary, "haven't you been introduced to June? That was an oversight on my part." Well, it happened this way. The morning after Mose's funeral Aunt Chloe, with her eyelids still heavy and red, came to Mrs. Maloney.

"Mrs. Maloney" she said, "I jus bin a wonderin ef you all gwine

to git a man to take Mose's place. You knows dem dere horses and cows got ter git some 'tention, and dere's lots er little jobs round dis hyar place."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Maloney, "we'll surely need another man."

"I knows jest de man you want, Mrs. Maloney. He's Mose's son, but he aint my chile. He's Mose's chile by one of dem first wives o' hisn, and his name is Moses Abraham Washington. He's jest twenty-seben years old, and he's a powerful good worker. Den, besides, whut's us pore two lone womans gwine ter do down dere in dat house all by our lone selves, widout de protection of somebody of the male persuasion? I tell you, last night I suttingly was pow'r'ful nervous down dere so I couldn't sleep."

So, Mose Junior was hired and Mr. Maloney suggested that they'd better call him "June" for short.

"Well, dat suits me all right" said Chloe, "fer, if you calls him Mose dat'll sholy open up dem ole sores ev'ry time I hears his name."

"June," therefore, became an installed fixture in the Maloney home, and he was giving perfect satisfaction. The boys began to troop in at one p. m. and by one-thirty, all were on hand. As Chloe said:

"Dem chillun does suttingly look sumpin scrumptious in dem nice clothes."

And they certainly did with their bright, healthy, happy faces, and nice, clean baseball suits spick and span, and shiny with mamma's elbow grease. Willie proposed that his "nine" play a picked nine from among the other boys. This was agreed to and a nine was chosen which really was a stronger team than Willie's. Mr. Maloney had put up as a prize for the winning team a complete baseball outfit—bats and balls and bases, and catcher's mask and protector, and three fine gloves, a prize certainly not to be despised by any nine, and the mouths of the boys watered as they examined them with a critical eye. Mrs. Maloney and the girls with Marguerite and some friends occupied two long benches which June had brought, and there was a large water cooler with ice water for the thirsty. At two sharp Karl turned into the gate, and a moment or two afterward who came tripping in together but Uncle Stanhope and Miss Queen. Seeing whom Willie stood on his head and kicked several times vigorously into the air.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Father Johnson, "do you think he suspected anything?"



"O, no" replied the Missionary, "that was just his way of expressing his hilarity on seeing Uncle Stanhope, nothing more."

"I have my doubts" said Father Johnson, shaking his head.

Both teams had gone through their preliminary practice, and as it was time Patrick called out "Play Ball" and the game was on.

The Missionary wiped his forehead with a large bandana.

"I couldn't attempt to describe the game in all its details. Suffice it to say it was lively and interesting. Several plays would have done credit to professionals. But there were some horrible errors and wild throws. In fact, the wild throws accounted for the large number of runs. They were obliged to play ten innings to settle the game, for at the end of the ninth it was a tie, seventeen to seventeen. In the tenth inning Willie's team was whitewashed, and a wild throw gave the picked nine two runs and the game. There was a great deal of cheering, of course, and the bleacher crowd—the boys who had been peeping through cracks and knotholes in the fence,—made quite a demonstration. They cheered lustily for the winners and groaned for the losers. Willie and his 'club' were sorely disappointed, but they took it with good grace and warmly congratulated their adversaries.

"That's a good thing about baseball" said Father Johnson earnestly, "besides the fine muscular development, quick judgment and precision it furnishes many opportunities of practicing real, solid virtue, self-control, generosity, and fine unselfishness."

"Yes," replied the Missionary dryly, "and a few fist-fights."

But this was one occasion, anyway, when things wound up harmoniously. Mr. Maloney, with his old-time friends Mr. Murphries and Mr. Boland was surrounded by the eager boys, and with courtly grace he presented the prize to the winning team. Just then there was a new arrival, and didn't the boys gasp and stare and giggle? 'Twas June and with what splendor! He was arrayed in evening dress—black broad-cloth cut-a-way coat and trousers with solid white shirt-front and patent leathers. On his woolly head was a silk hat. Bowing low to Mr. Maloney he announced with great ceremony.

"Ise come to inform you, Sah, that de banquet am ready."

"All right, June, we'll be there at once."

"So, the whole crowd trooped over to the Maloney home where they found Mrs. Maloney and the other ladies awaiting them, and a long table groaning under its weight of good things on the lawn back of the house. There were also three more young darkies in evening dress



to wait on the table, their eyes shining like diamonds and grinning from ear to ear.

"Humbug!" muttered Father Johnson, "dressing waiters like that."

The boys were hungry after that game, and they made short work of the turkey and coffee and salads and pies, and cakes and candies and nuts and pickles, and fruits and ice cream; and besides each boy had a souvenir to take home in the shape of a box of delicious bon bons. Towards the end of the feast a messenger boy came with a large package for Master Wm. Maloney.

"Open it" said Mrs. Maloney "and let us see what it is."

So, the string was cut and the wrappers torn off and what was it but a splendid snare drum—a Regimental Model. 'Twas a sixteen-inch with triple veneered rosewood shell, French polished, and inlaid with regimental star; the hoops were strikingly inlaid and ornamented. It had nickel-plated long snare strainers. The heads were calf-skin and it had extra leather braces. The drum-sticks were perfect beauties. They were ebony, highly polished of the finest model with ivory tips. It was all encased in a fine leathern box. Oh! the boys went in ecstasies over that drum. The cost of it was certainly not less than twenty-five or thirty dollars.

"Who sent it? Who sent it? Came in a regular chorus.

So, they began to hunt for some clue.

"Here's a card!" exclaimed one.

"To William Tecumseh Maloney from his friend K. W. S."

"Karl Schneiderhahn!" exclaimed Willie jumping up.

"Three cheers for Karl."

The cheers were given with a hearty good will, Karl, in the meantime blushing furiously behind a large piece of pumpkin pie.

The sun had already dropped down into the west when the boys started for their homes; and his last lingering rays lighted up the happy faces of Willie and Jimmie Bilkins, as they knelt on the back porch one on each side of the drum tightening it up, while Carlo stood by wagging his tail and watching the process with all his eyes. No one wanted dinner at six, so, Chloe got orders to have a lunch at nine with some hot coffee and tea. Willie, Jimmie Bilkins and Carlo with a troop of the neighboring boys marched with the new drum around and around the block and many other blocks until their legs would no longer carry them. The neighbors were on the point of holding an indignation meeting. At last the boys dropped off one by one, Jimmie

loped off home, and Willie slipped up to his room, where with many lingering looks of love and admiration he put the drum tenderly away, and silence fell like a benediction.

At eight-thirty Fathers Horrell and Stanton came over.

"Welcome! Welcome!!" said Mr. Maloney, "we are just going to have some lunch."

They all went in and sat down at the dining-room table. Joy and good nature shone in every one's countenance, and the conversation became quite lively. At length Father Horrell looking around asked:

"Where's Willie? I want to congratulate him. Besides, I have a little surprise for him—a nice present."

"O," said Mr. Maloney, "I reckon he's outside. I heard his new drum going a while ago."

"That stopped some time since," said Mrs. Maloney, "and I heard him carry it upstairs."

"June," said Mr. Maloney, go up to Willie's room and tell him to come here.

"Yes, sah," said June disappearing.

In a moment June returned.

"Dere aint no Willie up dere, Mr. Maloney. I dun looked through all de rooms."

"Well, go out in the yard and hunt him up," said Mr. Maloney.

In a little while June came in.

"I can't find him no where, I dun ben through de yard, and de orchard, and de stable and I eben went round de block. Dere aint no Willie out dere."

"Well, Well!" said Mrs. Maloney looking serious, "what could have become of him? Run over to Bilkins', June, I reckon he went over there. And tell him to come home at once."

June disappeared once more. After some time which seemed to Mrs. Maloney an eternity June's quick step was heard.

"Mr. Maloney," he said coming in, "Willie aint ben at Bilkins' tall. I dun looked everywhere through de streets and I can't find him. A little cullid boy out dere say he went off ridin in a automobile wid some men."

"Suppose he should be kidnapped!" exclaimed Grace.

Mr. Maloney turned deathly pale and clutched the table.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "that would be horrible!"

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

NOTE: In the January Liguorian, "In Durance Vile."

	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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**A CHRISTMAS CAROL**

"Why is it young Flynn doesn't forge ahead?" asked a young man of his companion as they sat at their desks casting up accounts.

"Because he's a Catholic," sneered the other. "No Catholic has a chance around here."

"So this is the reading of the riddle?" thought John Flynn who had caught this part of the conversation. "Because I am a Catholic, I'm barred from success?"

He went to his lodgings that night and began to think it over. "Did it pay to be a Catholic? Was the game worth the candle?" A few years back such thoughts would have startled him. The influences of a grey-haired mother and a little Irish village were no longer about him. He had left both to try his fortune in America and cast among strangers he was growing careless. One wild thought led to another till he came to the conclusion that if he was to succeed he must cast aside his religion. He did; and as far as the world reckons success he began to better himself. Years went by, his old mother was this many a day sleeping beneath a little green knoll in Ireland and he had reached the goal of his ambition. He was rich—but not happy; for conscience would not be downed but kept forever whispering in his heart "coward! coward!" One Christmas eve as he came from his place of business and was on his way home, he heard the voices of children singing. He was an old man now and there was something familiar in the strain. He walked to the end of the block and looking down a side street saw a group of choir-boys standing before a house whose windows were all aglow with lights on a Christmas tree. He listened.

"Adeste Fideles—Oh! come all ye faithful,"—came the strain on the crisp air. Oh, yes; he too used to sing that same sweet hymn in his little Irish village long ago. But what a change since then! What had he gained after all these years of forgetfulness about his duties to his God. "Nothing! nothing!" for flimsy fortune he had become a traitor.

"Hasten to adore Him." still sang the choristers. "And was there still a chance for him?" Yes, there was; his old Catholic instincts

awoke in him and the tears gathered in his eyes,—the choir boys' carol broke the spell that had been on him all these years. Christmas morning he was in the Catholic Church. People looked at him, but he did not heed them. He had come "to adore Him" and, please God! he would never forsake Him more.

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### EILEEN'S AWAKENING

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Eileen smiled because it was Christmas eve.

True, she was deathly tired after peddling chewing gum in the Union Station from early morning till half-past ten at night; true, her feet were smarting, for all day long the melted snow had kept them wet and chilled where it had worked in through her tattered shoes; true, her drunken father had met her at the door when she returned to the miserable garret they called home, and he had taken the few cents she earned and cursed her for not bringing more. Despite all this she smiled, for it was Christmas eve, and Eileen had a secret.

When a loud, gurgling snore told her that her father had fallen asleep in his chair, she tiptoes to the foot of the bed where her sick mother lay sleeping (Watch Eileen closely, and you will discover her secret). A deft finger and thumb drew out a paper package from a hole in the tattered mattress, and when the package was opened, five nickels lay in Eileen's thin little hand. Twenty-five cents! how carefully she had saved, what sacrifices she had made in order to acquire this vast sum! Tomorrow, while her father would be out of the house, she would take these five nickels and buy a Christmas treat for her sick mother and herself. She sank down in a little heap upon the floor and, for the one-hundredth time that day, planned how these precious twenty-five cents would be spent. While she planned her eyelids grew heavy, and soon the tired child was fast asleep and dreaming.

She dreamt the five nickels were changed into a purse of shining gold. She dreamt that as soon as she saw the gold she ran down to the street and hailed a taxicab, and she and her mother were soon speeding over the icy pavement to the accompaniment of the purring motor. They stopped before the best hotel in the city, and a generous tip all around brought the waiters scurrying to lift Eileen's mother tenderly from the vehicle and to take Eileen's order for a warm supper of delicacies to be served to her mother and herself in their own private sitting room. They were passing through the grand hotel parlor

with its deep carpets and palm trees and statues, which Eileen had often seen through the frosted windows on winter nights, when suddenly a burst of brutal curses aroused her from her dream. Her father was awake, with the mania for drink upon him, and storming about the room in a frenzy. His outburst so startled Eileen that her fingers relaxed and her precious nickels went rolling about the floor. The man pounced upon them like a hawk upon a chicken.

"So, you'll hide money from me, will you? You — little —!" And striking the child's upturned face with his heavy hand, he slammed the door and tramped down the rickety stairs to transfer Eileen's twenty-five cents to the well-filled till of the saloon across the way.

And Eileen wept because it was Christmas eve.

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### WAR STORIES

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A number of wounded soldiers were lying on the straw covered floor of a Paris railway station.

"I want a confessor very badly," said one of the wounded men to the nurse who was binding his wounds.

"Is there a Priest here?" asked the nurse.

Just then another soldier, lying mortally wounded, plucked the nurse by the sleeve.

"Madam," he said, "I am a Priest. I can give him absolution. Carry me to him."

The nurse hesitated. The second soldier was suffering from the effects of a horrible shell wound, and the least movement gave him excruciating pain. But again the feeble voice said:

"You are of the faith, and you know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared with that?" And the soldier raised himself by a supreme effort to go to the side of his companion. But the effort was vain; he had to be carried.

The Confession was soon finished, and the soldier Priest pronounced the words of absolution. They were the last words he ever spoke. Priest and penitent died hand in hand, while the nurse and the ambulance men fell on their knees on either side of them.

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A dying Catholic called to the chief Jewish Rabbi of Lyons, whom he probably mistook for a Priest, and asked him to hold the crucifix before his eyes and give him his blessing. While holding the crucifix

before the soldier and whispering words of comfort to him, the Rabbi fell dead, struck by a bullet from the enemy.

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An Anglican Vicar, Mr. Forbes Phillips, wrote as follows to a Priest in England: "Dear Father, I am writing this by the side of a French soldier who is wounded through the right lung and is spitting quantities of blood. I was with some of our men when he beckoned me to him; 'Come, I want to talk to a Priest'.

"I give his own words: 'I am not religious—I hated the Church and all belonging to it; why? I do not know; but now, O my God, I now see the brave Priests! Always I thought them mere black things in black petticoats; now I know they are men—real men and true soldiers of the good God. They are so calm on the field of battle and as quiet-voiced as before the altar. Ah, I was born a Catholic! I would be one again; but enough, it is now too late! The Priest says God is good; well I am bad, but I should like to do justice to brave men. I know nothing about God. All I know is this—.' Here the poor fellow made the sign of the cross. He had to do it with his left hand and it caused twinges of pain. I shall not forget his sign of the cross . . . ."

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Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has received a new impetus since the outbreak of the war. Even the soldiers in the trenches beg their Chaplains not to let the First Friday pass by without giving them Holy Communion. On several occasions the Priests crawled along the trenches while bullets and shells were flying overhead, to bring First Friday Communion to the soldiers. And this Communion proved to be for many indeed a last Viaticum.

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A non-Catholic English gunner writes to the London Evening News: "Not long before the ambulance chaps took me away I was surprised to hear close in my ear a gentle voice half-whispering to me. As the figure came around to my feet in the line of vision, I soon made out the cloak and hat of a kindly-faced Priest. He knelt down by me, and, heedless of the sharpnel still flying around, said what I could easily guess were a few short prayers. Then, in very poor English, he asked me if I was ready to die, and, quite honestly, I was. He then opened my shirt and took out the metal disc which gives my number and name on it, and attached to the cord a little cross with the Blessed

Virgin Mary stamped upon it, and said, 'Blessed for you by the Pope.' Soon after that the ambulance came. Nothing will ever lead me to believe other than that that Priest saved my life. I can only think that after leaving me he saw the Red Cross men and directed them my way. I like to believe it any how. Although I am a Church of England man myself, still the Christian acts of these Brothers of the Cross prove them all to be made of the right stuff."

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In his letter home, one soldier tells how a private in his own company is a Priest who goes every morning at three o'clock to say Mass in a village church. While this private says Mass his own Captain serves, and there are always some of his companions in arms to receive Holy Communion.

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Another tells how, while they were waiting for the order to charge, he saw the Colonel, erect on his horse, reciting the rosary.

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Another tells that it is a common occurrence to hear the soldiers reciting the beads together as they lie in the trenches with the shells bursting around them.

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Most consoling of all is the account of two soldiers, one a German, the other a Frenchman, who were lying wounded on the battlefield, near the little town of Blamont. When dawn came, they conversed together, waiting for death. The French soldier gave his water bottle to the German who was burning with thirst. The German sipped a little, then kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy. "There will be no war on the other side," he said.

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### AN INFALLIBLE RULE.

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"I have discovered an infallible rule," said a friend the other day while strap-hanging in a West End train, "for picking out among a lot of youngsters in these trains the pupils of our Catholic schools. It is the respect they always show to Priests, Sisters, and the aged and infirm. Just watch."

In came a Sister with a little girl. The car was crowded, those comfortably seated becoming at once immersed in their papers. The Sister reached for an unoccupied strap, when, presto! a young girl gave

up her seat. To test the theory I edged up to the young Miss and said in a casual way:

"That was nice of you. What school do you go to?"

"I graduated from St. Francis Xavier's Academy last June," she said.

At the next station an old man struggled through the throng. He was white-haired, but sturdy and erect, and he had a Grand Army button on the lapel of his coat. I gave him my strap; it was the best I could do. Then a young man rose, tipped a salute, and offered his seat. The old soldier demurred, said he would rather stand, but finally took the seat with thanks. Now for another test of the theory, though the young fellow didn't look a bit like a Catholic, but one can never tell a book by the cover. So I smiled at him and dropped the remark that the old fellow did not want his seat.

"No," was the reply, "but I noticed his button; and, as my father is a veteran, I knew the old man must be about seventy. I have read the history of the civil war."

I asked where, and he said:

"In St. Francis College, Butler Street." And there you are.—  
*Brooklyn Tablet.*

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"In my youth, when I was teaching school in Siloam," said Colonel Slocum Ridgely, in answering the toast "To Mother", I said one morning to a bright little fellow:

"Tommy, my boy, if a family consisting of a father, mother, and six children, should have a cherry pie for dinner, how much would each receive?"

"A seventh," the little fellow answered.

"Carefully," said I; "remember there are eight people."

"Yes sir, I know," said Tommy, "but the mother wouldn't take any for fear the others wouldn't have enough."

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"I shut him up in a hurry!"

Ah yes; but did you at the same time shut up the hand of your God who has promised abundant blessings to the meek, the patient, the humble, the forgiving?

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God does not require us to think of what we are saying when we pray. All He requires is that we sincerely try to do so.



	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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**TO THE READERS OF THE LIGUORIAN**

The Redemptorist Fathers, to every one that reads this little magazine which they have sent out to foster the growth of Catholic belief and practice: A GLAD AND MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Yes, dear reader, we wish that your heart may be filled with gladness on Christ's Birthday. That is to say, we wish that Christmas day may find your heart sinless, cleansed by a good confession and an honest intention to avoid every wilful fault—we wish that Christmas day may find your heart fervent, inflamed by a devout Communion—forgiving, without harboring voluntary ill-will towards any human being—generous, giving gladly of its own that others may abound—patient with those about you, overlooking their defects and loving their virtues—resigned, gladly accepting alike bitter and sweet from the hand of your heavenly Father, knowing that He who hath on this day given you His Own Divine Son, can give you nothing but what is for your good.

In wishing all this we are wishing you joy such as no earthly pleasures can give. Nor are our wishes mere empty words. Each one of us, in every Mass we say on Christmas morning, will repeat that wish, so that at any moment from midnight till noon, you can say, "A Priest of God is at this moment standing at the altar and asking the Father of Jesus to give me all that can make happy this Christmas Day."

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**THE ELECTION—AND ITS BY-PRODUCTS**

The election is over. It was the occasion of a bitter, country-wide, secretly-generalised crusade against Catholic candidates. In some instances this crusade hurt the Catholic candidate, in others it helped, often it had little effect on him one way or the other.

Just as, when a farmer tears down a dilapidated corn crib it forces the rats and other vermin to show themselves in the open daylight for a few brief moments, so the fall campaign has brought about the exposure of not a few politicians and business men who had until now succeeded in hiding their secret hatred for their Catholic neighbors and friends.

The election is now over and we smile to see them scurrying for basement and sewer to hide their bigotry from the light of day. Without allowing ourselves to be too much disturbed about the matter, we will take steps to limit their destructiveness as much as possible. At the same time we know that the brood will never be wholly extinct. Wherever there is good grain stored up, always look out for rats.

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### BEFORE AND AFTER

Even *before* the experiment is made the Catholic Church condemns godless education. Such education develops one faculty, the mind, and neglects an equally important faculty, the heart. It is therefore one-sided, unnatural, abnormal, and the Catholic Church, basing her decision on immutable principles as old as the human race itself, says, Do not try it; it is doomed to end in disaster.

Our government is learning the lesson only *after* it has made the experiment and seen the sad results. Read the following clipping from the daily papers of Oct. 5 and 6: "St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 5.—Public school laxity is to blame for a large percentage of the crime in this country, speakers declared today before the convention of the American Prison Association.

"It is a statistical fact that 90% of juvenile offenders begin delinquency in the schools," said Dr. D. C. Peyton, Superintendent of the Jeffersonville, Ind., Reformatory.

"The central function of public schools, asserted Mr. Peyton, is to mould the character of the pupils and prepare them for honorable futures.

"On Monday night, at the Plum Street temple, Rabbi Louis Grossman delivered a sermon in the course of which he declared that 'nowhere all along the line of education is any provision made for the morality of the child. We do nothing to develop its character. Without moral education, all education is a fragment.'

When we see government prison officials, daily papers, and Jewish Rabbis, convinced by their own observations, coming out so strong in favor of the Catholic view, further comment would be superfluous.

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### "WHEREIN A MAN SINNETH"

It is written, "In those things wherein a man sinneth in the same shall he be punished." Divorce and race suicide have brought down

God's curse upon the civilized world. The faithless modern wife cried, "Why should I be bound for life to one man? Break my marriage bond and set me free!" God has heard her petition. Her husband lies upon the battlefield with a bullet through his heart or the iron from a bursted bomb buried in his brain. God knows how to break the marriage bond.

The pleasure-seeking modern wife has shirked the burdens of her state and frustrated the law of nature, until nature's God has avenged the sin. Where a season ago it was thought low and vulgar for a married woman to be a prolific mother, now the nations are crying, "Give us children lest our name be wiped out from the face of the earth!" And they are begging the soldier boys to marry a wife before they go to be butchered in the war.

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### ADVENT

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During the four weeks of Advent Holy Church commemorates the four thousand years that preceded the coming of Christ. In her liturgy so full of loneliness and expectancy she repeats the words of ardent longing of the Patriarchs and Prophets for the birth of the Saviour King.

Do we, during these four weeks before Christmas, fully enter into the spirit of the Church? No doubt we are longing for Christmas—for its presents, its vacation, its feasting, its amusements; but are we longing for Christ?

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### THAT CHRISTMAS COLLECTION

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It is customary for the faithful to make an offering to their Pastor on Christmas morning. You would do well to remember that this offering is not wages; the Priest is not your hired man, and if he were, all the money in the world would not repay him for the supernatural goods he has given to your soul. This offering is not an alms; the Priest is no beggar. It is not a hold-up; he would much rather see you keep your money than give it merely through compulsion. He welcomes your offering, not on account of its value, but on account of the good will to which it testifies. If he were looking for money for money's sake, he would not have devoted so much time, study, and expense to his preparation for the Priesthood; he would have chosen an

easier and surer method of making money. Your offering is simply the Christmas present of a grateful child to its devoted spiritual Father. Make it generous; it will bring a few Christmas joys into a life that is lonely and arduous enough at the best. Give it gladly; your thoughtfulness will heal the wounds that your criticism and unkind remarks have inflicted upon the heart of one who has sacrificed forever the pleasures of home in order to devote his life to you and yours.

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### CATHOLIC DAILIES

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Morning after morning you must seek your intellectual food in the daily press. Have you noticed how that daily press has passed over in sepulchral silence the horrible atrocities committed against Catholics in every city and town of Mexico? Have you noticed how it has given the widest publicity to damnable lies about the Catholic Sisters who have left all that is dear to them to care for the wounded soldiers of both armies in the present war—damnable lies that represented these Sisters as gouging out the eyes of the wounded soldiers in the hospitals and murdering the wounded soldiers with anaesthetics on the field? Have you noticed how it has no room in its columns for the mighty works of charity and human uplift performed by the Catholics of this and other lands while its front pages are filled with sympathetic diquisitions on every sentimental philanthropic fad fostered outside the Church. Have you marked the prominence it gives to the vapid frothings of every fledgling free-thinker that wills to rail against religion, the marriage tie, the moral law?

You would never admit such an unjust, unfair human being into your family circle; why do you welcome this godless sheet? Because you say, you must have the news, and there is no Catholic daily to give it you. Why is there no Catholic daily? Because American Catholicity is not yet far enough advanced to afford it. American Catholicity cannot afford it! Little Belgium, scarcely bigger than an American county, has at least fourteen Catholic dailies, and American Catholics cannot afford one! For shame!

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### PERJURY HELD UP AS A VIRTUE

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On the last day of the June of this year a murder was committed in Mineola, Long Island. It was a delightfully sensational murder—

Jealousy, intrigue, marital infidelity, all in their proper proportions. The trial is set for October and the *New York World* looks about for someone to report the case. Whom does it choose? An American woman noted for her sensational novels. You can well imagine such a person will ferret out and treasure every revolting detail, every feature that will appeal to the morbid passions of the reader. But this woman is no common scribe. She is not content with the injury done to Christian virtue by spreading scandal in its most alluring form—not she. She must needs pour in a generous flavoring of her own pet ideas; and it chances that the pet ideas of this gentle reporter are not only wholly uncalled for in the work assigned her, but they are subversive of all morality both Christian and pagan. She writes:

"I believe any normal woman would refuse to testify against another woman who had shot out of jealousy, and would lie to save her. I believe that I am normally truthful, if only because I am fortunate to be a product of the higher civilization where truth is the standard for convenience's sake; but I should consider myself a murderer if I gave testimony that would jeopardize the life of another, or hesitate for a moment to lie to save her."

This is the sort of rank immorality a great daily spreads over its pages. What matter that these damnable doctrines will prove the ruin of immortal souls; the paper will sell, and that is the summum bonum (highest good)! Judas asked thirty pieces of silver to deliver up our Lord; the daily press will betray Him for a cent.

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### HE HAS NOT DIED IN VAIN

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Christmas twelve months ago, her fickle mind steeped in vanity, she sought the halls of pleasure and angled for the morbid gaze of men, her bait a body adorned with pagan wantonness for that very end.

Christmas has come again, and that once flighty creature kneels for long hours in the house of God, clothed and veiled in deepest black, praying and thinking of *one* of the thousands that will never return from the war.

Who will say—who that knows the worth of faith and virtue will say—that the death of that husband, that sweetheart or brother, is to be regretted, since it brought back the treasures of piety and purity to the heart of this woman he loved?

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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It is no longer true that "The Catholics cannot be kicked out of the Democratic party". They are watching the Mexican situation to see whether the Jew, Beiliss, gets more consideration than the Mexican Priesthood from the Wilson cabinet.—*Catholic Citizen*.

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The "Summer Outing Committee" of Philadelphia, during the season just passed secured a happy week in the country for 1,888 poor children.

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Sunday, Oct. 11, in the Holy Name demonstration in Pittsburg, 25,000 men paraded, in Scranton, 35,000, in North New Jersey, 40,000. In Philadelphia there was no parade but the number that approached the Sacraments was greater than any previous year.

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According to reports received at the Vatican, more than 63,000 Ecclesiastics are now serving in different capacities with the armies in the field, especially with the Belgian, French, and Austrian forces. Most of these clergymen are engaged in hospital work. They include seven Bishops and nineteen other Prelates.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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In Barcelona, when the municipality desired to pass a motion of regret at the death of the Pope, the Socialists refused to let it be put, and moved a resolution of sorrow at the death of an obscure member of their own party in place of the one on the table.

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Baroness Wedel Jarlsberg secured an audience with the Holy Father and explained to him the workings of the Red Cross organization in Austria and Germany. The Pope was deeply moved and blessed the organization, which, he said, was the one praiseworthy side of the war.

On the occasion of his coronation the Holy Father distributed 200,000 francs among the poor of Rome.

\* \* \*

After one of the recent battles a dying army officer asked for a Priest. There was none at hand, accordingly an aviator flew away to fetch one and soon returned with a Priest who administered the last sacraments to the grateful soldier.

\* \* \*

Msgr. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, was consecrated Bishop Nov. 15. Cardinal Gibbons was the Consecrator assisted by Bishop Nilan of Hartford and Bishop O'Connell of Richmond.

One morning in October the new Pope granted an audience to 320 working men, mostly presidents and secretaries of labor organizations. The Holy Father welcomed them with a degree of warmth seldom shown to the most distinguished visitors. Among them he recognized a book binder and a bricklayer whom he had known years ago.

\* \* \*

During a recent Chapel Car mission in Nampa, Idaho, a civil war veteran was converted. He is the only survivor of the crew that manned the Monitor when it fought against the Merrimac.

\* \* \*

Pope Benedict XV. knows several languages and is to some extent proficient in English.

\* \* \*

Many Nuns and Priests who escaped death by fleeing to Vera Cruz, are obliged to work by the day in restaurants and other places to avoid starvation.

\* \* \*

The charge that Catholic Priests incited Belgian civilians to acts of brutality has been officially denied by Imperial German Counsel Oscar Metzger.

\* \* \*

The Guardians of Liberty of Alamo, Texas, have sent their warm approval to Gen. Villa for his persecution of Priests, Brothers, and Nuns. In his reply to the "honorable society", he "hopes that it may continue to progress every day for the welfare of humanity and civilization". Verily, show me your company, and I'll show you what you are.

\* \* \*

The new Pope has warmly approved the St. Jerome Society for the diffusion of the Gospel. He says that in these evil days the Gospel should be read daily in every Christian home.

\* \* \*

The Holy Father has written begging kind and charitable treatment for all wounded soldiers in the present war.

\* \* \*

"On three separate occasions, during my short stay in Rome," says Cardinal O'Connell, "the Holy Father received me in private audience, and I was amazed at the wonderful qualities he displayed. His ready and quick grasp of affairs, his intimate knowledge of men and conditions, his gracious tact and courtly bearing, his manifest love and burning desire for the betterment and happiness of the people, his deep knowledge and simple faith—all impressed me in a marked degree, and promise a glorious reign for the Church and for the people throughout the world."



A Total Abstinence demonstration has just taken place in Dublin. More than 80,000 persons took part.

\* \* \*

A handsome equestrian statue of the Catholic General Philip Kearney, New Jersey's famous "Fighting Phil", was unveiled in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., October 14.

\* \* \*

In a recent appeal to all the people of the United States to help the Belgians, Cardinal Gibbons spoke of them as "a people wandering on the face of the earth without a home."

\* \* \*

Hard work and exposure at length brought about the death of Father McGronen, Chaplain of the Brooklyn Fire Department, at the age of 52. During the twelve years he had served in that capacity he had hurried to fires day and night in order to be on hand should his services be required.

\* \* \*

Belated news has reached the country of the death, last summer, of Father Conrardy of the Shek-Lung leper colony in China. The good Father has spent the last twenty years of his life among the lepers. He was at one time a co-worker of Father Damien in Molokai.

\* \* \*

Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson died Oct. 19. His father was the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and he himself was an Anglican Minister at the time of his conversion to the Catholic faith in 1903. He became a Priest and one of the ablest pulpit orators and writers of the day. R. I. P.

\* \* \*

"Fritz" Williams, the well known comedian, says that plays that offend against faith or morals are disappearing from the stage. He attributes the fact to the action of Catholics, especially to the "White List" movement already described in the *Liguorian* (March, page 135; April, page 188). When a play has been put on the "White List", the advertisers take good care to mention the fact.

\* \* \*

The anti-Catholic sheets have lied so much in print that even their former dupes will no longer believe them, hence they have taken to lying by pictures. How simple! When people see the picture of an event, they know it must be true!!

\* \* \*

Pope Benedict XV., in an audience granted to the Society of St. Cecilia, Sept. 25, declared that he will not only uphold but extend the reform in church music began by the "Motu Proprio" of Pius X.

	<b>The Liguorian Question Box</b>	
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(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

*Is it true that a girl will not be received into the convent if she has a relative that is not living an exemplary life?*

Though one or the other Order may be rather exacting in the qualifications of its members the general law of the church makes no demands like this. As a rule boys and girls with an inclination for the religious life and a sincere determination to consecrate their lives to God will find a welcome in any convent upon the recommendation of their Confessor.

*Without in any way wishing to be irreverent I must say that it looks to me as narrow and selfish on the part of God to expect us to do His will all the time.*

Your difficulty arises from a wrong view of life in general and of your relationship to God in particular. Reason, faith, and history tell us that God is most wise and generous. He has no need of you or of me, and yet He does all in accordance with His wise plan to make us happy. He gave us life and liberty to attain happiness by freely entering into His design. There is no other way to happiness. From the sin of our first parents to this day the mental pride and selfwill of His creatures alone have frustrated God's intention and filled the world with misery. And yet you manifest the same spirit and in your conceit venture to say with Lucifer: "I will be like unto God!" Humbly pray for an increase of the light of faith that you may view life from the divine perspective, and then pray for a sincere good will that you may follow this light and attain temporal and eternal happiness.

*Would you tell me what is meant by a Catholic instinct? Some time ago our Pastor excused the conduct of a recent convert because she had not had time to acquire it.*

A Catholic instinct is a feeling which detects the orthodoxy of a doctrine without directly adverting to the reason on which it rests. It arises from sincerity and devotion in the service of God and identifies us so intimately with Jesus Christ that it readily de-

tects and abhors whatever is foreign to His spirit and perceives and embraces whatever is pleasing to Him.

*Is it true that the Blessed Virgin could do no wrong?*

As the mother of our divine Redeemer the Blessed Virgin occupied a unique position in the plan of God. To prepare her for it, Mary was not only preserved from original sin but also enriched with heavenly gifts. Among these gifts theologians enumerate the perfect use of reason, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, gratuitous grace, original justice, the extinction of concupiscence, divinely infused knowledge, heroic virtue, and the gift of impeccability. The gift of impeccability did not take away Mary's free will but confirmed her in the service of God. Theologians tell us that co-operation with actual grace is rewarded with an increase of sanctifying grace and the help of additional actual grace. Now, Mary turned to God with her whole mind and heart at the first moment of her existence and renewed this perfect oblation of herself every moment of her life. On His part God accepted this oblation and confirmed Mary in His love and service so that she could do no wrong. To enable you to appreciate the wonderful relationship which exists between God and the Blessed Virgin you must read "The Glories of Mary" by St. Alphonsus.

*A friend of mine says it is begging the question to prove the true faith by the teaching of the Church. Is it not true that we believe whatever the Church teaches?*

You confuse the teaching of faith and the rule of faith. By the teaching of faith we mean the message of God to man, and by the true faith the acceptance of this message as it came from the God of truth. By the rule of faith we understand an infallible means of possessing, defending, and propagating God's meaning of His message to man. God alone can provide this means, and He has done so by giving the unerring guidance of the Holy Ghost to that Church to which Christ

said: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature.—He that believeth not shall be condemned."

We show that we have the true faith by proving the divinity of the Church of which we are members, and we believe whatever that Church teaches because she is infallibly guided by the Holy Ghost. Read the articles on Faith and the Church by the Rev. Ferreol Girardy in the May and July numbers of the LIGURIAN.

*How can I tell that a good inspiration does not come from Satan?*

The inspirations of grace always harmonize with faith and common-sense; those of Satan do not. Though Satan may appear as an angel of light and lead us to imprudence in piety and zeal, he will never inspire us to be humble, mortified, faithful, resigned in trial, charitable to our neighbor, or obedient to authority for the love of God.

*What is meant by the virgin birth of our Savior?*

By the virgin birth of our Savior we mean that He was conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost and born of the virgin Mary. We profess our belief in this mystery of God's love for us as often as we recite the Apostle's Creed.

*When did God create the angels?*

The exact time when God created the angels is not stated in divine revelation, but it took place in the beginning when God created heaven and earth.

*Were the rebellious angels guilty of concupiscence of the eyes?*

By concupiscence of the eyes we mean greed in the pursuit of material possessions. As the angels were created pure spirits, that is, spirits without bodies, they could not hanker after material possessions. For the same reason they could not be guilty of sins arising from the concupiscence of the flesh. Their sin was a sin of pride. The occasion for their rebellion, according to a probable opinion, was afforded the angels when God revealed to them the mystery of the incarnation of His divine Son and commanded them to adore Him. The foundation for this opinion are the words of St. Paul: "When He bringeth in the first begotten into the world He saith, 'and let all the angels of God adore Him.'" Hebr. 1, 6.

*How can it be said that all men are gamblers when most of us never bet on anything?*

The royal psalmist tells us that he was beside himself with grief and fear when he said: "Every man is a liar," (Ps. 115, 11) but we fail to see where our correspondent got the statement: "Every man is a gambler." Beyond the fact that man inclines to evil as a result of original sin it certainly is not Catholic doctrine, except perhaps when used in a wide sense as meaning that all mankind takes unnecessary risks in working for heaven. This may be done by not avoiding the occasion of sin, and by not making use of the means of grace as we should.

*I don't see why consulting a fortune-teller is any more a sin against faith than consulting an experienced friend?*

If you are sincere in your statement you are certainly very stupid in not seeing the difference. We consult an experienced friend to benefit by his riper judgment. Only hopelessly stupid persons could seriously attribute the omniscience of God to a professional fortune-teller, who usually knows little more than to prove to the world that the fool and his money are easily parted.

*Why is a tepid Christian less disposed for the benefits of God's mercy than a great sinner?*

Neither the tepid Christian nor the great sinner are disposed to profit by the mercy of God. The tepid soul is the wilful slave of deliberate, habitual, venial sin, while the great sinner has through ignorance and passion turned entirely away from God. According to the words of our Savior: "I would thou wert cold or hot. But because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth," (Apoc. 3, 16) there is more hope that the great sinner will become disposed to profit by the mercy of God than the tepid Christian. The reason for this deplorable state of the tepid Christian according to the words of the Savior is that the tepid Christian is so deluded by pride and selflove that he does not even advert to the necessity of conversion, while the great sinner realizes that he is estranged from God and so may be disposed to profit by His mercy when grace will extend an invitation to him in the hour of adversity.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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The death of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson on Nov. 19 has deprived Holy Church of an able defender. Father Benson was the fourth son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. He was born at Wellington, 1871, and was received into the Church in 1903. His conversion to Catholicism was perhaps the first in three hundred years of an Anglican Archbishop's son. Father Benson was ordained at Rome in 1904 and has written, on an average, about three volumes a year since then. His historical novels are exceptional: *By What Authority*; *Come Rack, Come Rope*; *The King's Achievement*; *The Queen's Tragedy*; *Oddfish*. From his ready pen came also a line of what might be called religious novels: *Sentimentalists*, *Conventionalists*; *The Necromancers*, *The Coward*, *The Average Man*; *Initiation*, *The Winnowig*; *None Other Gods*; *Richard Raynal*; *The Lord of the World*; and *The Dawn of All*. Besides his novels there are a host of other works of a more or less controversial character: *Non-Catholic Denominations*; *Papers of a Pariah*; *The Religion of a Plain Man*; *Paradoxes of Catholicism*; and his inimitable *Confessions of a Convert*, which raised such a storm when published and which competes with Card. Newman's classic *Apologia*. Of a more devotional character are *The Friendship of Christ*, *Lourdes* and what was perhaps his last book, *Vexilla Regis*. His books can be had from any standard Catholic Publishing House.

*The Spiritual Classics of English Devotional Literature*. This is a new series of Spiritual Reading Books which purport to give the "Spirit" of the great modern masters of devotional literature. Two volumes have already been given to the public: *The Spirit of Card. Newman*, with a preface by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., and *The Spirit of Father Faber*, which is prefaced by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The "Spirit" of both these classic writers is given by productions from their prose and poetic writings. They promise a generous reception for the four volumes which are to follow. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 50c each.

Rev. M. Kenny, S. J., has published in pamphlet form in the Catholic Mind his articles on Freemasonry which appeared in "America." They are illuminating. A brother Jesuit, Rev. E. R. Hull, has also put in pamphlet form some reprints from the Bombay "Examiner." Some Catholics seem to be at a loss for a reason for the Church's attitude towards "Masonry." Father Hull's pamphlet will supply them with more than sufficient proof for the soundness of the Church's action. The pamphlet booklet is entitled, *Thirteen Articles of Freemasonry*, and is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, 30c.

It is gratifying to note the increasing interest of the reading public in Mediaevalism which has made necessary a second edition of Henry O. Taylor's book, *The Mediaeval Mind*. It is equally gratifying to see the character of seriousness in the writers who are devoted to its study. An interested public and devoted writers must go a long way toward disputing the hideous darkness so traditional of the middle centuries. The volume is as its subtitle tells, "A History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages." In this new edition a chapter has been added on the Towns and Guilds and the Crusades as phases of mediaeval growth. The work is published by Macmillan Co.

*An Introduction to Mediaeval English Literature*. By Chas. S. Baldwin, A. M., Ph. D. As Mr. Taylor tells us to understand the Middle Ages it is necessary to understand the thoughts and feelings moving the men and women of the time, so Mr. Baldwin informs us that without understanding "What is a monastery and how might its influence go forth upon literature? it is impossible to comprehend adequately the course of English literature through several centuries." Mr. Baldwin in his book gives a very complete and correct answer to this double question. There is also for persons who wish to read more widely, a very fine bibliography. The book is published by Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$1.25.

	<b>Lucid Intervals</b>	
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A hungry young man in Key West  
Was eating beef stew with a zest.

He ate without stopping  
'Till with a loud popping  
The buttons all flew from his vest!

A certain young fellow named Beebe  
Wished to wed with a lady named

Phoebe,  
But, said he, I must see  
What the clerical fee  
Be before Phoebe be Phoebe Beebe.

"Harold," she exclaimed, after she  
had rested for a moment against his  
manly breast, "I believe you have  
heart trouble."

"Calm yourself, darling," he replied,  
"I have agreed to help Professor Light-  
finger with his sleight-of-hand per-  
formance tonight. That's a rabbit."

A man sent his neighbor's little boy  
to the drugstore to buy five postage-  
stamps. He handed him two dimes,  
the extra one being for himself. Some  
time afterward the boy came back blub-  
bering, and said he had lost one of the  
dimes.

"But why didn't you buy me the  
stamps?" asked the man.

"Because, mister," replied the boy, "it  
was your dime I lost."

I send to you a violet

In token that we once have met

And hope that we already yet

Once more again together get.

A certain haunted house down in  
Georgia was held in terror by all the  
negroes in the vicinity, except Sam,  
who bravely declared that for two dol-  
lars he would sleep there all night. A  
purse was raised, and Sam was told to  
carry out his end of the bargain and  
to call in the morning for his money.  
When morning came, no trace could be  
found of Sam; the house contained  
nothing but evidences of a hurried de-  
parture. A search party was organ-  
ized, but without result.

Finally, four days later, Sam, cov-  
ered with mud, came slowly walking  
down the road.

"Hi dere, nigger!" yelled a bystand-

er. "Where's you been de las' fo'  
days?"

To which Sam curtly responded:  
"Ah's been comin' back."

Johnny—"Mamma, I wish I had a  
little sister."

Mamma—"Why do you wish that,  
dear?"

Johnny—" 'Cause I'm tired of teasin'  
the cat."

Gladys's mother was entertaining  
visitors, when suddenly the door was  
flung open and in burst Gladys like the  
proverbial whirlwind.

"My dear child," said the mother re-  
bukingly, "I never heard such a noise  
as you made coming downstairs. Now  
go right back and come downstairs  
properly."

Gladys retired, and a few moments  
later re-entered the room.

"Did you hear me come down that  
time Mamma?" she asked.

"No, dear," replied the mother. "Now  
why can't you always behave like that?  
You came downstairs like a lady  
then."

"Yes, Mamma," said Gladys dutiful-  
ly, "I slid down the banisters."

As papa was about to apply the strap  
Willie said firmly: "Father, unless  
that instrument has been properly  
sterilized I desire to protest." This  
made the old man pause. "Moreover,"  
continued Willie, "the germs that  
might be released by the violent im-  
pact of leather upon a porous textile  
fabric, but lately exposed to the dust  
of the streets, would be apt to affect  
you deleteriously." The strap fell  
from a nerveless hand.

An old darkey, sent to a hospital, on  
his arrival was placed in a ward, and  
one of the nurses put a thermometer  
in his mouth to take his temperature.

When the house doctor made his  
rounds he said:

"Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feels right tol-ble, suh."

"Have you had anything to eat yet?"

"Yessuh, I had a little."

"What did you have?"

"A lady don gimme a piece of glass  
ter suck, suh."

